

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harp, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearer ere its chimes be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of men beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from the morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold

Here that rings forth heaven,
If the gold-crested when
Were a nightingale—why then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

—A. C. Steinhilber in Church Quarterly Review.

A GUINEA A BOX.

How Mr. Bellerophon Sartin Hypnotized a Comfortable Fortune.

London Society.

Bellerophon Sartin felt he had an inspiration. Do not be afraid; he was not going to mount the Pegasus of the Muses and concoct verses. No, the Pegasus which he proposed to mount was the winged horse upon which Holloway, Cockle, and Beecham have in turn successfully ridden against the dread chimera, poverty.

Now, Bellerophon, notwithstanding the fact that he had received a classical education (indeed, that unreliable Jersey-Frenchman, Lemprière, was his favorite reading), did not think it beneath him to bring his mighty brain to bear upon the invention and manufacture of a perfectly harmless pill. This accomplished, he cast about him how best to launch this bolus upon a consumptive public; in other words, how best to give the world an opportunity of evincing its gratitude by casting its gold into his lap.

To arrive at a decision on this knotty point was harder than he had expected. Advertisement in the papers and on boardings was, of course, open to him, but then his whole capital was but £2,000, and he found out that that would go a precious little way. What was he to do? He was fairly at his wits' end, when one night, after reading himself to sleep with the "Classical Dictionary," he dreamed that he was Sisyphus condemned continually to roll a huge pill to the top of Primrose Hill, from which it fell back as soon as it reached the summit, and so rendered his punishment eternal; whilst written across the lurid sky in flames of fire, the words "Worth a guinea a box" burnt themselves into his brain. He started from his sleep, dismaying the wife of his bosom by shouting "A guinea a box."

From that moment he felt that the inspiration that was wanting to make his fortune was upon him. By the morning he had definitely made up his mind—not that his pills were worth a guinea a box (this would not have been original), but that the world would take him at his own estimate. He further argued that the sale of a comparatively small number of his boxes at this price—say ten or twenty thousand—would admirably recoup him. He also realized that the ordinary public, which buys its medicines with postage stamps, and which is appealed to by posters and newspaper advertisements, would not be the public from which he could hope to obtain so exorbitant a price. He therefore realized that a new method of distributing pills must be discovered.

Now the Sartins, although poor, lived in a very small way, Bellerophon being a dispensing chemist by trade, in an obscure country town. Three hundred a year at the outside was the extent of the profits derived from this business. This modest couple were blest with but one child, a daughter, Matilda, by name, upon whom they lavished all the affection and tenderness of which they were capable. Indeed, they stunted themselves with a first-rate education, which cost them the best part of a hundred pounds a year.

As good fortune would have it, just at the time of Bellerophon Sartin's inspiration above mentioned, Matilda had returned home "finished" from school, a fine, handsome, though somewhat eccentric and simple, girl of 18, and as little like an obscure chemist's daughter as it is possible to imagine. Nor had her grand surroundings at school in any degree weakened her character. Indeed, they stunted themselves with a first-rate education, which cost them the best part of a hundred pounds a year.

And it was then that another brilliant idea struck Bellerophon, which may be called a second inspiration.

I have said that Matilda's father had, besides his business, a small capital of some two thousand pounds. Now he made up his mind, after conferring with his daughter, to invest a good proportion of this in a scheme of quite remarkable audacity, by which he hoped, within a year or two, to make a comfortable fortune. Certain hypnotic displays had of late been given in the town, and, as is usual at such performances, the effect of suggestion upon the mesmerized subjects had been particularly dwelt upon and exemplified. One night, indeed, Bellerophon and his wife had been witnesses of a very remarkable exhibition, which had left a lasting impression upon them. A boy, of extremely robust and vigorous appearance, with rosy cheeks and broad chest, after being hypnotized, had been instructed to assume the appearance of a person in the last stage of galloping consumption. Immediately his cheeks seemed to fall away, his eyes assumed an unnatural brightness, his color disappeared, save for a hectic spot over each cheek-bone, his breath grew short, and a cough that seemed to tear him to pieces developed itself. The mesmerist then suggested to him that he should resume his natural appearance, and—like magic—all the symptoms disappeared, and the boy, like Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House," found himself again.

Now all this made a great impression upon Bellerophon, and, after discussing the matter, he and Matilda determined to put themselves

in communication with the professor. The result of it all was that about a month after these occurrences the proprietor of the Spitz Hotel, San Ritzma Bad, received a letter signed Matilda Fortescue, ordering the best sitting-room that was vacant and two bed-rooms, one for the lady herself and one for her maid. The winter season at this favorite resort for chest complaint was just commencing, and persons in all stages of consumption were eagerly flocking to it. However, Matilda Fortescue, niece Sartin, was just in time to secure one of the handsomest suites in the hotel, and by the time every nook and cranny are filled, behold her and her maid comfortably settled down in their new quarters.

Now Matilda, being a very handsome girl, and well educated to boot, was soon well known to all the gay people in the hotel. She danced and sang, and tobogganed and flirted with such hearty good will and enjoyment that she soon became a universal favorite. The men vied with each other in appropriating her, and the women showed sufficient envy to satisfy a much more hardy dancemaster than Matilda. Indeed, she found herself enjoying life so amazingly that she was tempted to forget the business part of her expedition. She was, however, roused from her fool's paradise by a letter from her father, complaining that, although six weeks had elapsed since her departure, not a single application had been received for one of the guinea boxes of pills. Then she realized that she must set herself seriously to work to carry out the audacious scheme which she and her father had agreed upon. From that day her hitherto robust health appeared to flag. Constantly she complained to her partners that she was too tired to dance. She left her food untasted at the dinner-table, although it must be admitted she made up for this self-denial in the privacy of her own apartments. In fine, it began to be whispered about that the handsome Miss Fortescue was far from being as strong and healthy as her blooming appearance would lead people to suppose.

The inhabitants of the Spitz Hotel, therefore, were more or less prepared for the startling news, one morning about a week later, that the universal favorite was stricken down with a terribly sudden pulmonary attack. The doctor who had been called in went about with a very grave face, and it got whispered abroad that, never in his large experience, had he witnessed so sudden and utter a collapse. After two or three days the symptoms became so alarming that he called in an eminent physician who was wintering in the place, in consultation, and, as a result, informed Matilda's maid that Miss Fortescue's relations ought to be summoned. He confessed to one or two of his intimates that the case was most serious, and he believed, could have but one termination, and that in the near future. The gaiety of the hotel was eclipsed. The sensation caused by one so beautiful, and, apparently, healthy, being struck down in this terrible way, was profound; and when at the end of a week, the doctors said that she was actually sinking, people moved about as if in a dream, hardly raising their melancholy voices above a whisper.

The next morning every one was prepared for the worst news; but what was their astonishment a day or two later to see Matilda, beaming, smiling and beautifully healthy as ever, in her ordinary place at table d'hôte. At first her friends hardly dared to approach her, and, when they did, they carefully avoided the subject of her illness. After a while, however, this shyness wore off, and congratulations poured in upon her, and then was made known a wonderful and perplexing thing. She declared—and in this she was supported by the testimony of the doctors—that a day or two before she had been to all appearances in the extremity of death. That, when informed of her precarious state, the truth of which, indeed, her own sensations confirmed, she had suddenly remembered that she had, before starting abroad, been attracted by a strange advertisement of a new and marvelous remedy for consumption. That she had, in an inspired moment, purchased a box of these pills for the amazing price of one guinea. That, in despair, she had, according to the directions on the box, bidden her maid administer six to her, at intervals of one hour, and that, as a result, she had risen within forty-eight hours with every symptom gone, and not a trace of weakness left by her apparently exhausting attack.

The effect upon the phthisical population of San Ritzma Bad may be imagined. Every one clamored for the address of the inventor of this marvelous remedy, and two days after Bellerophon Sartin received fifty orders for pills, varying from one box to half a dozen. With each box he sent half a dozen handbills in the following terms, printed on rainbow-hued papers:

SARTIN'S ANTI-TUBERCLE!!!

Query—Is Consumption Curable?

Answer—Yes.

TRY SARTIN'S ANTI-TUBERCLE PILLS.

ONE GUINEA A BOX.

These, naturally, were soon broadcast, and with them the story of Miss Fortescue's wonderful recovery, with the result that, by the end of a month, Bellerophon Sartin had sold over two thousand boxes of this harmless pill at a profit of at least £1,950.

Having thus successfully opened the campaign, Matilda thought it wiser to seek fresh fields and pastures new, especially as there had been more than one very evident failure in the efficacy of the remedy which she had been the innocent cause of advertising. Packing up her traps, therefore, she and her maid started off to that group of islands in the South Pacific, called the Sherry Isles, to which every year thousands of convalescent patients are sent by the most eminent physicians. Here the very same programme was gone through, and with even greater results, so that Bellerophon had his work cut out to keep pace with the orders which arrived by every mail. He wrote to Matilda that he had opened an account at the leading bank, and that, finding it necessary to give up the whole of his house to the manufacture of the pills, he had taken another in the best part of the town; that they now employed two maids, and that he always went about in a silk hat on week days.

This was, of course, all very gratifying to his adventurous daughter, and she was encouraged to continue her exploits on the French littoral—indeed, wherever the fiend tuberculosis collects its innumerable victims. At the end of six months her father wrote that such had been his success, he thought she might very well rest from her labors, and come home and taste the pleasures of a handsome competence, especially as, although this great boom in the pills had died away, yet there was still a sufficient demand to keep his factory comfortably employed.

Matilda's home-coming may be better imagined than described. Here had she in one bound lifted her beloved parents (and herself) above the sordid miseries of respectability on three hundred a year to the enjoyment of comparative wealth. She had left her father six months ago an obscure chemist, living above his shop. She found him a prominent bourgeois, living in a handsome suburban villa. Miss Matilda Sartin was a proud girl that day as she stepped into the comfortable hall and found herself in her father's embrace. Nor was she in her moment of triumph forgetful of the faithful companion,

Miss Annie Magnet, to whom she and her father owed so much, and that evening, as they sat round the fire, she detailed with what faithfulness and care she had carried out her part of the bargain, never forgetting for one moment in the presence of others to sink the hypnotist in the lady's maid.

Now Miss Annie Magnet was highly flattered in the manner in which her attentions had been appreciated, and, seeing the impression that she had made, not only upon her subject—the weak-minded Miss Fortescue—but on her clearer-headed parents, she thought it would be foolish if she did not avail herself of the opportunity which was thus presented to her to get Mr. Sartin under her influence.

She accordingly asked him if he would allow her to see whether her power was sufficiently great to enable her to put him under control.

"Well," replied Mr. Sartin, "I shall be most happy for you to try, if you like, although I am afraid you will find me rather a tough subject."

At this they all laughed, and the hypnotist proceeded to try her skill upon Bellerophon. The chemist submitted himself unreservedly to her spells, and in a few minutes was evidently completely hypnotized, and, to the vast amusement of his wife and daughter, was put through various laughable and grotesque performances.

"And now," said Annie Magnet to them, "before releasing him, I am going to whisper a suggestion, as I want to see whether he can be influenced in this way to perform a certain act to-morrow at a certain hour."

She thereupon stooped down and whispered a few words into his ear, which were inaudible to Mrs. Sartin and Matilda, and immediately afterward she blew in his face, and, striking him sharply on the arm, released him from his hypnotic slumber.

Bellerophon rubbed his eyes, and, looking in a bewildered way about him, confessed, in answer to his wife's question, an absolute ignorance of the antics he had performed. "But," said Mrs. Sartin, "you will be doing something to-morrow which will surprise yourself."

The next day Miss Annie Magnet might have been seen seated in the London express in converse with Mr. Sartin, who was at the station seeing her off. As the train moved out of the station he handed to her a heavy bag, which she eagerly grasped. She laughed heartily as she threw herself back in her seat, leaving him standing on the platform with a bewildered look upon his face.

Bellerophon Sartin, however, brightened up when the train was well out of the station, and chuckled contentedly to himself as he turned his steps homeward.

In the meantime Annie Magnet, whirling away to London, was eagerly unfastening the straps of the bag which Bellerophon had handed to her. On the top of the contents, which seemed to be a number of small canvas bags, was a note addressed to her. She tore it open and read as follows:

MADAME: When you imagined you hypnotized me last night I was wider awake than you were. Consequently, I quite understood your suggestion that I should go to my bank and draw out £5,000 this morning, and bring the same to you, as you were starting for London by the 12 o'clock express.

I am afraid you will be somewhat disappointed when you examine the contents of this bag, but I have no doubt that you will be able to hypnotize the pebbles and sheets of paper, and suggest that they should turn themselves into gold sovereigns and bank notes. I should most strongly advise you in the future to stick pins into your hypnotized patients to make sure that they are not impostors like—Your obedient servant,

P. S.—Kindly advertise my anti-tubercle pills wherever you go. Their price is a guinea a box.

THE FAIR,

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Ladies' Home Journal.

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Having got rid of the inside heat, all rooms not in use should be shut up tight. I mean this literally. Not only should the shutters and windows be closed, but the blinds must be lowered to exclude every ray of light and the doors locked to prevent the running in and out of the children, who thus admit waves of heated air. We all know that light and hot air impart heat to whatever they touch, therefore this effort to keep out these agents; but it would be neither wise nor practicable to hermetically seal all the rooms of a house. One room at least can be so treated—the parlor—and also the dining-room between meals. The room selected should be closed early in the morning, while the air has some freshness and before the sun strikes the windows; then it should not be opened until late in the afternoon.

Every house should have an accessible trap-door in its roof, and when this is left open, a current of heated air must rise through it and make a general draught over all the house. If you have not this, you will find it worth the expense to cut a "transom window" in the hall above the last flight of stairs, choosing a north wall, if possible, and as high up as may be.

Awnings should be light in color, and should be at all windows and doors except those to the north. They are great helps in keeping out glare and reflected lights, but as they should be kept open on breezes as well, they should be chosen of a kind which is readily raised and lowered.

After sundown, a plentiful watering of your street and pavement, and of all the garden you possess, will cool the air wonderfully for your night's sleep.

REHOBOTH BY THE SEA.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Select Excursions.

The popularity of Rehoboth, Del., is too well-known to rehearse, for the select excursions run by the Pennsylvania Railroad attest the favor in which it is held as a summer one-day outing resort. On July 18, August 1, 15, and 29, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special low-rate excursion tickets, good for passage only on train leaving Washington, D. C., at 12:15 noon, and Baltimore 2:30 p. m., from Washington at \$3.50 and Baltimore \$3 for the round trip. These tickets will be valid for return passage until the following Monday.

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